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# INDIANA CENTENNIAL PATRIOTIC

## ARBOR AND BIRD DAY MANUAL

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1916

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COMPILED BY  
E. A. GLADDEN, SECRETARY

INDIANA STATE BOARD OF FORESTRY



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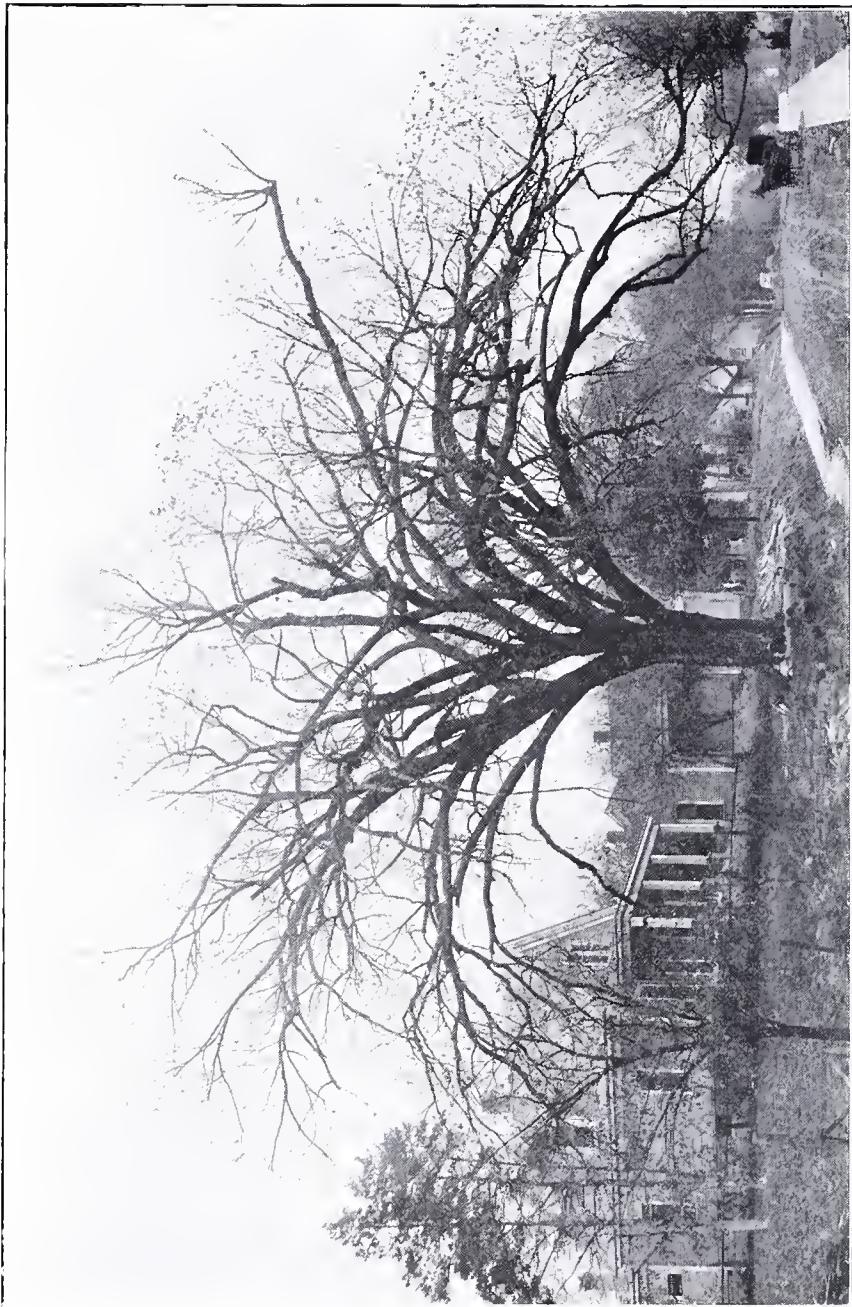


Plate 1. Constitutional Elm, Corydon, Ind. It was under this tree that the Constitutional Commission held several sessions between June 10 and June 29, 1816.

## A PROCLAMATION.

The value of our native forests was not merely the selling price of the lumber, which was an enormous aggregate despite the waste and destructive competition to sell; but they had a practical value as a retainer and producer of moisture in the soil, and a promoter of good crops. The forests also had a value that could not be measured by money in the protection they afforded to the birds and other wild life of this latitude, and in their contribution to the beauty of the landscape and the happiness of the people.

The conservation and restoration of our forests are of such admitted and varied importance that Indiana, as well as many other states, has made it a matter of public duty as well as private interest for the people to co-operate actively to that result.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana, in obedience to law and in conformity with a useful and beautiful custom, do hereby designate and proclaim

Friday, April 21, 1916,

as

SPRING ARBOR DAY

throughout the state; and I earnestly urge that the public schools celebrate the day by fitting exercises and that the people shall as far as possible recognize its importance by the planting of trees and shrubbery and by a general interest in the day and the movement for which it stands.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set  
my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal  
of the State of Indiana, at the Capitol, in the  
(SEAL.) City of Indianapolis, this 14th day of March,  
1916.

SAMUEL M. RALSTON,  
Governor.

By the Governor:

HOMER L. COOK,  
Secretary of State.



Plate 2. Dedication of Forestry Building at Indiana State Fair, September 7, 1915. Governor Ralston speaking.

## INDIANA.

It will be one hundred years on December 11, 1916, since Indiana was admitted as a state in the Union. Her sixty thousands of people in 1816 were sturdy Americans from the older states, who had come into the northwest territory for the sole purpose of establishing homes for themselves and their posterity. They did not fear the wild beasts of the forest and were ever ready to meet the red man in combat for the possession of the land. The complete possession of this land was not made until the whites overthrew the power of the Indians at Tippecanoe on November 7, 1811. From that time the descendants of the early settlers have dominated the politics and religion of the state and have on all occasions ever been ready to assist the general government in all its undertakings, furnishing five regiments of soldiers for the Mexican War and one hundred and forty regiments for the War of the Rebellion, and five regiments for the Spanish-American War, thus showing that the noble sons of illustrious fathers are ever ready to support the rights of the Nation in all events.

The great changes that have been wrought in the State in the century just past are many. We have seen the little old log school-house pass away and in its stead modern or central school buildings with all the conveniences to be desired. The old log church has long since given place to commodious brick or frame edifices. The old trails winding through the forests have been changed to many thousands of miles of macadamized roads; the slow-moving stage coaches for public travel have given way to the swiftly moving trains with almost every convenience of the home and the electric cars of today.

The forest that was once considered the enemy of man is now admitted to be one of his best and most useful friends. It is for us of the present generation to again reforest the denuded hills and non-agricultural lands of the state, that a perfect harmony may again exist between man and his faithful friends, the trees.

It is the desire of the State Board of Forestry that every person in this state help in this great work of planting trees on Arbor Day in commemoration of the one hundred years of advancement that we as a state have made. *Will you help?* There should be planted this spring, in Indiana, a tree for every man, woman and child in the state. What a glorious and patriotic beginning that would be and what a heritage for those who will celebrate the next centennial, when we, like our sires, have been called by our beloved Creator to our just reward.



Plate 3. The American Flag.

### TRIBUTE TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 2, 1916.)

"As I look at that flag I seem to see many characters upon it which are not visible to the physical eye. There seem to move ghostly visions of devoted men, who, looking at that flag, thought only of liberty, of the rights of mankind, of the mission of America to show the way to the world for the realization of those rights.

"And every grave and every brave man in the country would seem to have upon it the colors of the flag, if he were a true American—would seem to have on it that stain of red which means the true pulse of blood; that patch of pure white which means the peace of the soul. And then there seems to rise over the graves of those men and to hallow their memories that blue space of the sky in which swim those stars which exemplify for us the glorious galaxy of the states of the union which stand together to vindicate the rights of mankind."

—Woodrow Wilson.



Plate 4. President Woodrow Wilson.

### History of the United States Flag.

The idea of standards originated with the Egyptians, at an early age. The Crusaders added the cross to their banners. The union of the three crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick marks, first, the union of England and Scotland, into the Kingdom of Great Britain; and then, this Kingdom with Ireland. This termed the Great Union Flag of Great Britain, and was brought by the colonists to America. When the thirteen colonies began to feel the pressure of British rule, they placed upon their banners a rattlesnake, cut in thirteen pieces, representing the thirteen colonies, with the motto, "Join, or die." When these colonies became more united in their purposes of resistance to British tyranny, they placed upon their flag a well formed rattlesnake, in the attitude of about to strike, with the motto, "Don't tread on me."

Dr. Franklin, seeing this emblem on one of the drums of that day, writes as follows: "On inquiry, and from study, I learned that the ancients considered the serpent an emblem of wisdom; and, in some attitudes, of endless duration. Also, that countries are often represented by animals peculiar to that country. The rattlesnake is found nowhere but in America. Her eye is exceedingly bright, and without eyelids—emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, and she never surrenders,—emblem of magnanimity and courage. She never wounds even her enemies, till she generously gives them warning not to tread on her,—which is emblematical of the spirit of the people who inhabit her country. She appears apparently weak and defenceless, but her weapons are nevertheless formidable. Her poison is the necessary means for the digestion of her food, but certain destruction to her enemies,—showing the power of American resources. Her thirteen rattles, the only part which increases in number, are distinct from each other, and yet so united that they can not be disconnected without breaking them to pieces,—showing the impossibility of an American Republic without a Union of States. A single rattle will give no sound alone, but the ringing of the thirteen together is sufficient to startle the boldest man alive. She is beautiful in youth which increaseth with her age. Her tongue is forked, as the lightning; and her abode is among the impenetrable rocks."

The next form of the United States Flag was the Stars and Strips. Its proportions are perfect, when properly made,—the

first and last stripe being red, with alternate stripes of white. The blue field, for the stars, is the square of the width of seven stripes.

On the 14th of June, 1777, the Continental Congress resolved, "That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen white stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation." Previous to this, our national banner was the Union flag, combining the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew.

The Stars and Stripes were unfurled, for the first time, at the battle of Saratoga, on the occasion of the surrender of General Burgoyne.

The Stars of the flag represent the idea taken from the Constellation Lyra, which signifies harmony. The blue of the field was taken from the banner of the Covenanters of Scotland, likewise significant of the league and covenant of the United Colonies against oppression, and incidentally involving vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the Union, the circle being the sign of eternity. Both the thirteen stripes and the stars showed the number of the United Colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to, and their dependence upon, the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was a blending of the previous banners, namely, the red flag of the army and white one of the navy. The red color, which in the days of Roman glory was the signal of defiance, denoted daring, and the white purity.

On the 13th of January, 1794, by an act of Congress, the flag was altered to fifteen red and white stripes, and fifteen stars. On the 4th of April, 1818, Congress again altered the flag by returning to the original thirteen stripes and fifteen stars, as the adding of a new stripe for each additional State would soon make the flag too unwieldy. The new star is added to the flag on the 4th of July following the admission of each State into the Union.

### THE AMERICAN FLAG.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,  
     Unfurled her standard to the air,  
     She tore the azure robes of night,  
         And set the stars of glory there;  
     She mingled with its gorgeous dyes,  
     The milky baldric of the skies,  
     And striped its pure, celestial white  
     With streakings of the morning light;  
     Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
     She called her eagle bearer down,  
     And gave into his mighty hand  
     The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!  
     Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
     To hear the tempest trumping loud,  
     And see the lightning lancees driven,  
         When strive the warriors of the storm,  
         And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!  
     Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
         To guard the banner of the free,  
         To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
         To ward away the battle stroke,  
         And bid its blendings shine afar,  
         Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
         The harbinger of victory.  
     Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,  
     The sign of hope and triumph high,  
     When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,  
     And the long line comes gleaming on;  
     Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,  
     Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
     Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn  
     To where thy meteor glorious burn,  
     And, as his springing steps advance,  
     Catch war and vengeance from the glance;  
     And when the cannon's mouthings loud  
     Heave, in wild wreaths, the battle shroud,  
     And gory sabers rise and fall,  
     Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;  
     Then shall thy victor glances glow  
     And cowering foes shall sink below  
     Each gallant arm, that strikes beneath  
     That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave  
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
 When death, careering on the gale,  
 Sweeps darkly round the belied sail,  
 And frightened waves rush wildly back,  
 Before the broadside's reeling rakk,  
 The dying wanderer of the sea  
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,  
 And smile to see thy splendors fly  
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's only home,  
 By angel hands to valor given;  
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
 Forever float that standard sheet!  
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
 And Freedom's banner waving o'er us?

### **DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.**

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

(July 4, 1776.)

—*Thomas Jefferson.*

### **PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION.**

We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution of the United States of America.  
 (March 4, 1789.)



Plate 5. George Washington.

### **FROM WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.**

“Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. *Here let us stop.*

The situation in which I now stand, for the last time, in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally realls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced; and I cannot omit this occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment; nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, and Sovereign Arbitrator of Nations, that His providential care may still be extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved, and that the government which they have instituted for the *protection* of their *liberties*, may be *perpetual.*”

### **NOLAN'S SPEECH.**

For your country, boy, and for that flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to deal with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

—*Edward Everett Hale.*



Plate 6. Abraham Lincoln.

## LINCOLN'S GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

*“Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.”*

But in a larger sense we cannot *dedicate*, we cannot *consecrate*, we cannot *hallow* this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have *consecrated* it far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new *birth of freedom*, and that government of the *people*, by the *people*, for the *people* shall not perish from the *earth*.’’ (Nov. 19, 1863.)

## TRUE PATRIOTISM.

February 26, 1916.

I wish that whenever an impulse of impatience comes upon us, whenever an impulse to settle a thing some short way tempts us, we might close the door and take some old stories of what American idealists and statesmen did in the past, and not let any counsel in that does not sound in the authentic voice of American tradition. Then we shall be certain what the lines of the future are, because we shall know we are steering by the lines of the past.

We shall know that no temporary convenience, no temporary expediency will lead us either to be rash or to be cowardly. I would be just as much ashamed to be rash as I would be to be a coward. Valor is self-respecting. Valor is circumspect. Valor strikes only when it is right to strike. Valor withdraws itself from all small implications and entanglements and waits for the great opportunity when the sword will flash as if it carried the light of heaven upon its blade.

—Woodrow Wilson.

## LIBERTY AND UNION.

When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dismally fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; our land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a *stripe* erased or *polluted*, not a single *star obscured*, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "*What is all this worth?*" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "*Liberty first, and Union afterward*"; but everywhere, spread all over, in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and on every wind, and under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, "*Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*"

—*Daniel Webster.*

## SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION.

It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

. . . . .

It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, *give me liberty, or give me death.*

—*Patrick Henry.*

**From LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE  
BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.**

We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection, from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests.

We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude.

We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

*—Daniel Webster.*

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
    “*This is my own, my native land!*”  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,  
As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
    From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathes, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

*—Scott.*

Don't give up the ship.

—*Captain Lawrence.*

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If any man attempts to haul down the *American Flag*, shoot him on the spot.

—*Governor Dix.*

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I only regret that I have but *one* life to give for *my country*.

*Nathan Hale.*

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The laws of my country shall be obeyed.

—*Andrew Jackson.*

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I will accept nothing but *unconditional* surrender.

—*U. S. Grant.*

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This country cannot exist half *free* and half *slave*.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

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America asks nothing for *herself* but what she has a right to ask for *Humanity itself*.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

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We have met the enemy and they are ours.

—*Commodore Perry.*

## FOREWORD.

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The greatest problem before us today is the problem of the conservation of our natural resources. Arbor Day stands as the sign of the recognition of the importance of one part of this great problem. Conservation does not mean non-use. It does insist, however, that our natural resources, which lie at the basis of our national prosperity, shall be used wisely and not wastefully.

We Americans are a wasteful people. We have lived in the midst of seemingly unlimited resources and have used these resources foolishly and extravagantly. We are now coming to a time when we see that these resources which we thought limitless will soon be exhausted unless we adopt different methods. We might illustrate this wastefulness in many ways. For example, in France, the use of wood per year per inhabitant is 25 cubic feet; in Germany it is 37 cubic feet; in the United States it is 162 cubic feet.

Up to a very few years ago, when anthracite coal was mined, for every ton that reached the market another ton went to the dump heap, while in soft coal for every ton marketed there was a half ton of waste.

A few years ago natural gas was found in Indiana in great abundance. We immediately began to waste it. Cities lit by natural gas would allow the street lamps to burn all day because it was cheaper to let them burn than to put them out. Pipes ranging from an inch to two inches in diameter carrying gas were lit and allowed to burn night and day. It did not take very long to exhaust our natural gas. Our oil supply is going in very much the same way.

Conservation means, then, not that these resources shall not be used to satisfy our needs, but that when our needs are satisfied these resources shall not be further lessened by wastefulness. Our wastefulness is not a sign of large-heartedness, open-handed generosity, but it is instead a sign of ignorance and folly which is almost criminal.

We may group our natural resources under four heads:

1. Those which when used are completely destroyed and which cannot be replaced. Under this head would come coal and oil and gas. The use of these means their complete destruction, and of them there can be no replacement.
2. Those which when once used, can be used again for some

other purpose. In this class come our metals. The iron parts of a machine can be reworked and made to do still further service.

3. Those which can be used, but which under proper handling will not deteriorate, but which on the contrary can be made year by year to have higher values. Of this sort are our soils and forests. We do not even use our soils well. In England land which has been farmed for nearly 1,000 years yields 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, while our rich, virgin soil which has been farmed for less than 100 years yields on the average only 12 bushels to the acre.

4. Resources which cannot be exhausted, such as water.

Underlying all of these and more important than any other form of conservation is the conservation of *health*. What matters it if we have billions of tons of coal, millions of acres of forests and mines of gold and silver and iron, if we do not have a citizenship strong enough and vigorous enough to use them wisely?

Arbor Day, then, is something more than the mere planting of trees. It is the recognition of a great problem which is demanding solution at our hands, the problem of *use* without *waste*. In planting these trees we are simply attacking the problem at one point, but the spirit which underlies the exercises of Arbor Day will manifest itself in other ways when opportunity arises.

Indiana was originally completely covered with forests except in a few relatively small regions, chiefly in the northwestern counties. Not only was the State forest covered, but the forests were made up largely of the best species of hardwoods. In the southwestern part of the State these species reached their maximum development in quantity, in quality and in size. At present but a small part of our area is forest covered, less than 4,000,000 acres being classed as woodlands.

This small area is carrying a very light load of trees, perhaps not more than one-half of its capacity. Not only are the wooded areas not carrying a sufficient number of trees, but the forms they are carrying are for the most part inferior species. The splendid yellow poplar, black walnut, white oak and black cherry are gone and their place is taken by less valuable forms.

Much of this forest had to be cleared in order to secure agricultural areas. But after our agricultural needs were satisfied much additional timber was cut away, and hundreds, even thousands, of acres of land allowed to lie uncultivated and to waste away. These denuded and wasting areas should be recovered

with trees; our existing woodlots should be compelled to carry a full load of trees of good quality and our streets and roads and lawns should be beautified by careful tree planting.

Arbor Day begins this work with the school yard, the lawn, the street and the roadway. Its immediate purposes are to beautify and ameliorate our surroundings, but out of it will surely develop the spirit which will lead us to do the greater tasks in tree planting, by re-enforcing woodlots and re-foresting denuded areas.

The uses of trees are so numerous that they can only be indicated in the hope that some who receive this program will work them out in detail. In brief, trees act as—

1. Soil formers.
2. Soil improvers.
3. Soil fixers.
4. Conservers and distributors of soil moisture.
5. Hygienic agents.
6. In furnishing material for an almost endless series of needs giving raw materials to hundreds of industries.

If Arbor Day leads anyone to think seriously of the great part forests play in the economy of nature it will have a permanent value.

Trees are living things and consequently have certain vital necessities which must be met if we succeed in accomplishing the work we are undertaking. The remainder of this program is therefore made up of practical suggestions as to the selection, planting and care of trees. These suggestions will be found to be of great practical value, not only in the work of today, but in any future forestal work that you may undertake.

### **Why Plant Trees?**

They add value to the property.

They protect the pavement from the hot sun.

They add beauty and comfort to the streets.

They add beauty and comfort to the country home.

They cool the air in summer and radiate warmth in winter.

They furnish homes for thousands of birds that help man in his fight against injurious insects.

They furnish homes for many animals that are useful to man for food and clothing.

They help man in his fight for better sanitation.

Finally, the matured tree furnishes lumber for man's home and fuel for his fire.

### **What Trees to Plant.**

Trees for general street planting should be nursery grown. These have compact root systems, straight stems and symmetrical tops and are accustomed to transplanting.

If trees are taken from the forests for planting they should be selected from the more open spaces at a distance from large trees, a good root system left, and should be placed in the ground only a little deeper than in their native habitat and at the same cardinal points.

Only a few trees do well in the city. Among these are the Norway Maple, American Elm, Sycamore, Sugar or Hard Maple, Black Maple, Pin Oak, Scarlet Oak, Red Oak, Biltmore Ash, Sweet Gum, Black Gum, Ginkgo, Tulip, Lime and Ailanthus.

The first three are easily the leaders.

For the more open grounds or town schoolyards and country schoolyards are Sugar and Black Maples, Red Oak, White Elm, Tulip or Yellow Poplar, Biltmore Ash, White Ash, Sycamore, Hickories, Walnut, Cottonwood and Linn or Basswood.

### **How and Where to Plant Trees.**

Plant them in good soil.

Plant them in the kind of soil that produces that particular kind of tree.

Dig a pit that is large enough to admit the roots of the tree without bending or crowding them, loosen the soil deep, and see that the best soil is placed around the roots and pressed firmly to hold the tree in place.

Set them when the ground is in fine working condition, never when the ground is wet.

### **A Few Additional Pointers on Planting Trees.**

1. Trees are best which are nursery grown and which have been transplanted several times.
2. Trees collected in the woods for transplanting should be seedlings.
3. A tree one and one-half inches in diameter, one foot from the ground is large enough.
4. Trees should have a good root system, straight main trunk and a symmetrical top.

5. The lower branches should be pruned to a height of seven and one-half feet or more from the ground.
6. Trees should be free from all fungous diseases and insects.
7. Tree holes should be much larger than the spread of the root system.
8. As few unbroken roots as possible should be removed from the tree.
9. Prevent drying, or freezing, of the exposed roots when transplanting the trees by such means as are necessary.
10. Plant all trees at as nearly the same depth as they formerly stood in the nursery or woods; give them the same exposure as nearly as possible.
11. Prune off all broken branches or roots with a sharp pruner.
12. Plant no trees closer than twenty feet; a number of kinds should not be planted this close, such as those having a wide spreading crown.
13. Arrange and spread out the roots in as near their natural condition as possible.
14. Have the soil in a fine, mellow condition and pack it firmly about the roots.
15. Cultivate the soil well about the tree in April and May and mulch the tree for the rest of the season.
16. A guard that will not only protect the tree, but one that will shade the body of the tree from the sun, should be used in all cases.
17. If it is decided to water the tree planted do so by inserting two-inch tiles on two sides of the tree at the extreme ends of the root system, placing straw or excelsior in the tiles to prevent evaporation. Pour the water into the tiles about every fourth or fifth day during the dry season.

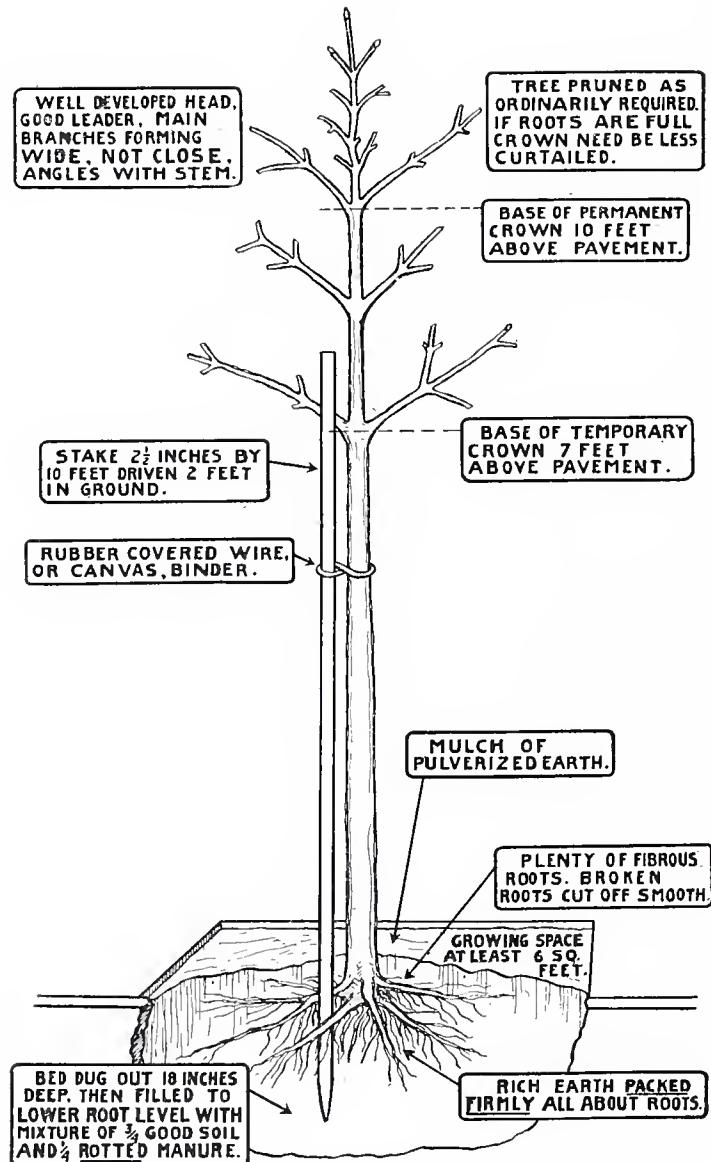


Plate 7. How to Plant a Tree.

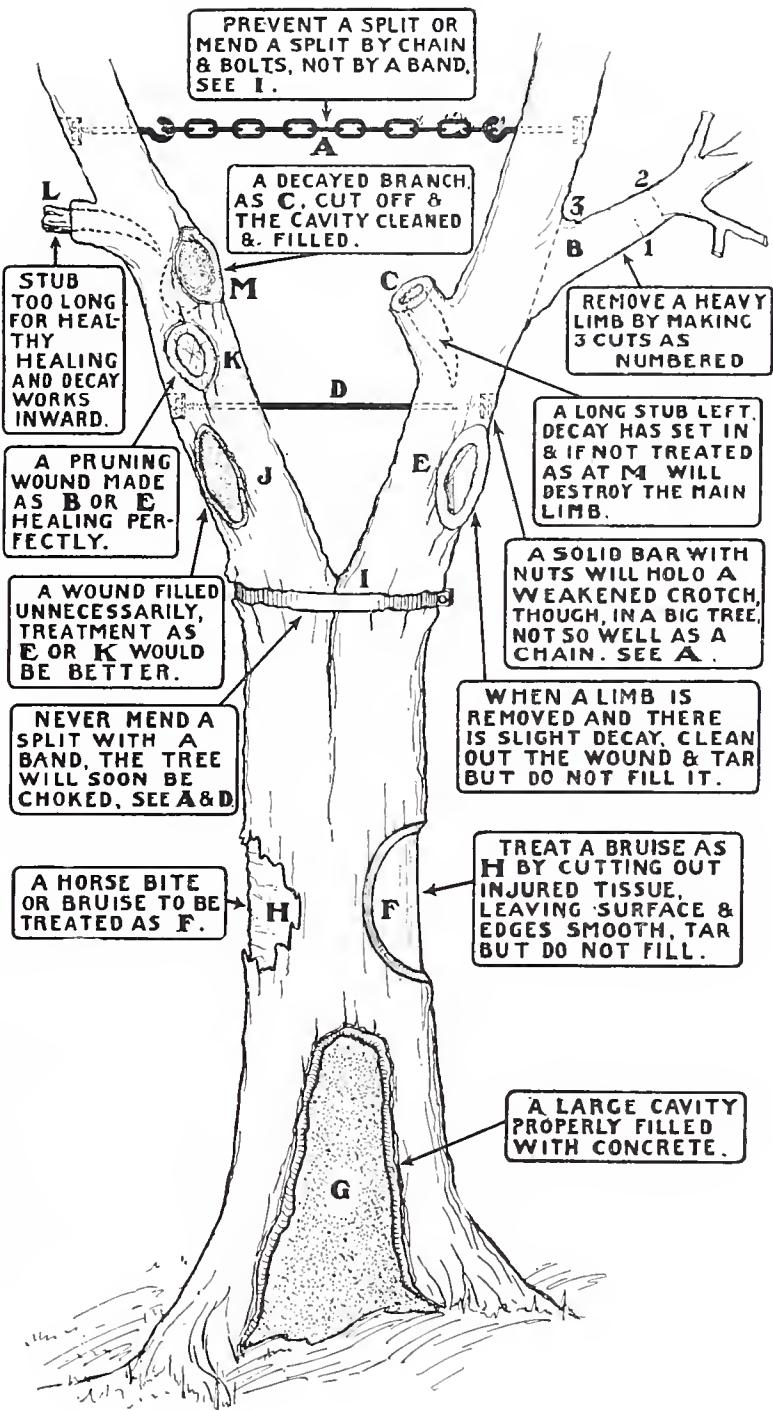


Plate 8. How to Doctor a Tree.

## HISTORY OF ARBOR DAY.

It is not known who was the first advocate of conservation of the forest. As far back as we have a written history of man, kings and others in power sought to preserve the forests in their primeval conditions, not for the sake of silviculture or that it would be a blessing to humanity, but from pure selfishness on the part of the monarchs.

We are told in history that William the Conqueror, of England, destroyed much church and private property that he might establish game preserves for the red deer.

The Hon. J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, is generally recognized as the originator of Arbor Day in the United States.

In 1872, on Mr. Morton's earnest request, the Governor of Nebraska issued a proclamation designating Arbor Day April 10th, and calling on all the schools and citizens to observe that day by appropriate exercises and planting of trees. To this call the schools and citizens responded with such fervor that more than one million trees were planted. At the present time Nebraska observes the 22nd of April as "Arbor Day," that being Mr. Morton's birthday.

Mr. Morton lived to see his idea adopted by more than forty states of the Union, and the planting of many millions of trees in the various states, and the changing of thousands of barren school grounds to ones of beauty for the children.

"It seems to me that a tree and a truth are the two longest lived things of which mankind has any knowledge. Therefore, it behooves all men in rural life, besides planting truths, to plant trees; it behooves all men in public life to plant economic and political truths, and, as the tree grows from a small twig to a grand, overspreading oak, so the smallest economic truth, as we have seen in the United States even in the last year, can so grow as to revolutionize the government of the great Republic. I say, then, that we should all plant trees and plant truths, and let every man struggle so that when we all shall have passed away, we will have earned a great epitaph which we find in St. Paul's Cathedral, London—'If you seek my monument, look around you.' "

*—J. Sterling Morton.*

Arbor Day was first inaugurated in Indiana in 1884, but was not generally observed until October 30, 1896. Since that time we have generally observed Arbor Day both in October and April of

each year. The law, however, provides for only one Arbor Day in each year, the third Friday in April.

“The groves were God’s first temples.  
 Ere man learned  
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,  
 And spread the roof, above them—ere he framed  
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
 The sound of anthems, in the darkling wood,  
 Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down  
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
 And supplication.”

—*Bryant.*



Plate 9. One of God’s First Temples.

The tree planter and teacher united in one shall be declared the best benefactor of modern times—the chief provider of posterity.

—*J. Sterling Morton.*

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In so far as I know only two things retain their youth, a tree and truth.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

Do not rob or mar a tree, unless you really need what it has to give you. Let it stand and grow in virgin majesty, ungirdled, and unscarred, while the trunk becomes a firm pillar of the forest temple, and the branches spread broad a refuge of bright green leaves for the birds of the air. —*Dr. Henry Van Dyke.*

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A man does not plant a tree for himself; he plants it for posterity; and sitting idly in the sunshine, I think at times of the unborn people who will to some extent be indebted to me. Remember me kindly, ye future men and women. —*Alexander Smith.*

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Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful year by year. Every school district will contribute to the good work. The schoolhouse will gradually become an ornament of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful Nature which is so friendly to us. —*George William Curtis.*

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#### INDIANA STATE—

Flower—Carnation.

Song—On the Banks of the Wabash.

Flag—The American Flag.

Tree—Hard Maple.

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#### HOLIDAYS.

New Year's Day—January 1st.

Lincoln's Birthday—February 12th.

Washington's Birthday—February 22nd.

Memorial Day—May 30th.

Independence Day—July 4th.

Labor Day—First Monday in September.

Discovery Day—October 12th.

Thanksgiving Day—Last Thursday in November.

Christmas Day—December 25th.

The first day of the week (Sunday) and the day of any National or State Election.

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The following are some of the noted trees, that all the boys and girls of Indiana should be interested in:

The Charter Oak, of Hartford, Conn.

The Treaty Elm, of Philadelphia, Pa.  
 The Liberty Elm, of Boston, Mass.  
 The Washington Elm, of Cambridge, Mass.  
 The Constitutional Elm, of Corydon, Ind.  
 The Apple Tree, of Appomattox, Va.  
 The Thirteen Hamilton Trees, of New York City.  
 The Cary Sycamore, of Ohio.

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### NATIVE TREES OF INDIANA.

1. <i>Pinus Strobus</i>	White Pine
2. <i>Pinus Banksiana</i>	Gray or Jack Pine
3. <i>Pinus virginiana</i>	Scrub Pine
4. <i>Larix laricina</i>	Tamarack
5. <i>Tsuga canadensis</i>	Hemlock
6. <i>Taxodium distichum</i>	Cypress
7. <i>Thuja occidentalis</i>	Arbor-vitae
8. <i>Juniperus virginiana</i>	Red Cedar
9. <i>Salix nigra</i>	Black Willow
10. <i>Salix amygdaloides</i>	Peach-leaved Willow
11. <i>Salix lucida</i>	Shiny Willow
12. <i>Salix alba</i>	White Willow
13. <i>Populus alba</i>	Silver-leaf Poplar
14. <i>Populus grandidentata</i>	Large-toothed Aspen
15. <i>Populus heterophylla</i>	Large-leaved Cottonwood
16. <i>Populus tremuloides</i>	Quaking Asp
17. <i>Populus deltoides</i>	Cottonwood
18. <i>Juglans nigra</i>	Black Walnut
19. <i>Juglans cinerea</i>	Butternut
20. <i>Carya pecan</i>	Pecan
21. <i>Carya cordiformis</i>	Pignut Hickory
22. <i>Carya ovata</i>	Shellbark Hickory
23. <i>Carya laciniosa</i>	Big Shellbark Hickory
24. <i>Carya microcarpa</i>	Small-fruited Hickory
25. <i>Carya alba</i>	White Hickory
26. <i>Carya glabra</i>	Black Hickory
27. <i>Carpinus caroliniana</i>	Blue or Water Beech
28. <i>Ostrya virginiana</i>	Ironwood
29. <i>Betula lutea</i>	Yellow Birch
30. <i>Betula nigra</i>	Water or Red Birch
31. <i>Betula populifolia</i>	Gray or White Birch
32. <i>Betula papyrifera</i>	Canoe Birch
33. <i>Alnus incana</i>	Tag Alder
34. <i>Alnus rugosa</i>	Alder
35. <i>Fagus grandifolia</i>	Beech
36. <i>Castanea dentata</i>	Chestnut
37. <i>Quercus alba</i>	White Oak

38. *Quercus alba* x *Muhlenbergii* ..... Hybrid Oak  
 39. *Quercus stellata* ..... Post Oak  
 40. *Querens lyrata* ..... Overcup Oak  
 41. *Quereus macrocarpa* ..... Bur Oak  
 42. *Quercus bicolor* ..... Swamp White Oak  
 43. *Quercus Michauxii* ..... Cow Oak  
 44. *Quercus Prinus* ..... Chestnut Oak  
 45. *Quereus Muhlenbergii* ..... Chinquapin Oak  
 46. *Quercus rubra* ..... Red Oak  
 47. *Quercus palustris* ..... Pin Oak  
 48. *Quercus Schneekii* ..... Red Oak  
 49. *Quereus coccinea* ..... Scarlet Oak  
 50. *Quereus ellipsoidalis* ..... Pin Oak  
 51. *Quereus velutina* ..... Black Oak  
 52. *Quereus falcata* ..... Spanish Oak  
 53. *Quereus imbricaria* ..... Shingle Oak  
 54. *Quercus marylandica* ..... Blaek Jack Oak  
 55. *Ulmus americana* ..... White or Water Elm  
 56. *Ulmus fulva* ..... Slippery Elm  
 57. *Ulmus Thomseni* ..... Hickory or Rock Elm  
 58. *Ulmus alata* ..... Winged Elm  
 59. *Celtis occidentalis* ..... Hackberry  
 60. *Celtis pumila* ..... Hackberry  
 61. *Celtis mississippiensis* ..... Yellow Hackberry  
 62. *Morus rubra* ..... Mulberry  
 63. *Toxylon pomiferum* ..... Osage Orange  
 64. *Magnolia acuminata* ..... Cucumber Tree  
 65. *Liriodendron Tulipifera* ..... Tulip or Yellow Poplar  
 66. *Asimina triloba* ..... Pawpaw  
 67. *Sassafras Sassafras* ..... Sassafras  
 68. *Liquidambar Styraciflua* ..... Sweet Gum  
 69. *Platanus occidentalis* ..... Sycamore  
 70. *Malus coronaria* ..... Crab Apple (wide leaf form)  
 71. *Malus coronaria* ..... Crab Apple (narrow leaf form)  
 72. *Malus ioensis* ..... Western Crab Apple  
 73. *Amelanchier canadensis* ..... Juneberry  
 74. *Crataegus Crns-Galli* ..... Cockspur or Newcastle Thorn  
 75. *Crataegus cuneiformis* ..... Marshall's Thorn  
 76. *Crataegus punctata* ..... Large-fruited Thorn  
 77. *Crataegus Margareta* ..... Judge Brown's Thorn  
 78. *Crataegus succulenta* ..... Long-spined Thorn  
 79. *Crataegus neo-fluvialis* ..... New River Thorn  
 80. *Crataegus Calpodendron* ..... Pear Thorn  
 81. *Crataegus virides* ..... Southern Thorn  
 82. *Crataegus nitida* ..... Shining Thorn  
 83. *Crataegus macrosperma* ..... Variable Thorn  
 84. *Crataegus Jesupi* ..... Jesup's Thorn  
 85. *Crataegus rugosa* ..... Fretz's Thorn  
 86. *Crataegus Gattingeri* ..... Gattinger's Thorn  
 87. *Crataegus pruinosa* ..... Waxy-fruited Thorn

88. *Crataegus coccinoides* ..... Eggert's Thorn  
 89. *Crataegus coccinea* ..... Scarlet Thorn  
 90. *Crataegus mollis* ..... Red-fruited or Downy Thorn  
 91. *Crataegus Phaenopyrum* ..... Washington's Thorn  
 92. *Prunus pensylvanica* ..... Wild Red Cherry  
 93. *Prunus americana* ..... Wild Red Plum  
 94. *Prunus nigra* ..... Wild or Canada Plum  
 95. *Padus serotina* ..... Wild Black Cherry  
 96. *Cercis canadensis* ..... Redbud  
 97. *Gleditsia triacanthos* ..... Honey Locust  
 98. *Gleditsia aquatica* ..... Water Honey Locust  
 99. *Gymnocladus dioica* ..... Coffeenunder  
 100. *Robinia Pseudo-Acacia* ..... Black Locust  
 101. *Ailanthus glandulosa* ..... Tree of Heaven  
 102. *Ilex decidua* ..... Holly  
 103. *Acer Negundo* ..... Box Elder  
 104. *Acer rubrum* ..... Red Maple  
 105. *Acer saccharinum* ..... Silver Maple  
 106. *Acer saccharum* ..... Sugar Maple  
 107. *Acer nigrum* ..... Black Sugar Maple  
 108. *Aesculus glabra* ..... Buckeye  
 109. *Aesculus octandra* ..... Buckeye  
 110. *Tilia americana* ..... Linn or Basswood  
 111. *Tilia heterophylla* ..... White Basswood  
 112. *Nyssa sylvatica* ..... Black Gum  
 113. *Cornus alternifolia* ..... Dogwood  
 114. *Cynoxylon floridum* ..... Dogwood  
 115. *Diospyros virginiana* ..... Persimmon  
 116. *Fraxinus americana* ..... White or Gray Ash  
 117. *Fraxinus pennsylvanica* ..... Red or Green Ash  
 118. *Fraxinus Michauxii* ..... Swell-butt Ash  
 119. *Fraxinus quadrangulata* ..... Blue Ash  
 120. *Fraxinus nigra* ..... Water or Black Ash  
 121. *Forestiera acuminata* ..... Swamp Privet  
 122. *Catalpa Catalpa* ..... Catalpa  
 123. *Catalpa speciosa* ..... Catalpa  
 124. *Viburnum Lentago* ..... Sheepberry  
 125. *Viburnum prunifolium* ..... Black Haw

**SUGGESTED PROGRAM.**

1. Song—America.
  2. Reading—Governor's Proclamation.
  3. Poem—Woodman Spare That Tree.
  4. Essay—Why We Should Keep Arbor Day.
  5. Recitation.
  6. Review of the following subjects—by older pupils.
    - a. Why children should be interested in planting trees.
    - b. The planting of school grounds.
    - c. The work of the birds.
  7. Poem—When the Green Gits Back on the Trees.
  8. Address—By some person of prominence interested in the work.
  9. Song—On the Banks of the Wabash.
  10. Patriotic Quotations.
  11. Song—The Star Spangled Banner.
- 

**SUGGESTED POEMS.**

(From which suitable selections may be made.)

A Wood Lyric.....	Wilford Campbell
Tree Feelings.....	Charlotte P. Stetson
The Tree.....	B. Bjornson
Country Life .....	Goethe
When Spring Really Comes.....	Wm. Wordsworth
Spring .....	John Burroughs
April .....	Ernest Crosby
Planting Trees .....	John G. Whittier
The Acorn .....	Edgar Fawcett
Forest Song .....	W. H. Venable
Woodman Spare That Tree.....	S. P. Morris
Song of the Tree.....	Edna K. Wallace
The School House Yard.....	Elizabeth H. Thomas
The Oak Tree.....	
What We Plant.....	Henry Abbey
When the Green Gits Back on the Trees.....	James Whitcomb Riley
Blue Bird.....	Emily H. Miller
Queer Neighbors.....	Elizabeth Rosser
Out of Doors.....	Willis Warren Kent
The Wood Thrush.....	Hannah Davis
The Thrush.....	Susan Hartley Swett
Nature Music.....	Luey Lareom
The Swallow.....	John Burroughs
O, Nightingale.....	Wm. Wordsworth
To a Skylark.....	Wm. Wordsworth

**SOME GOOD POEMS FOR ARBOR DAY.**

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**April.**

See the apple orchard  
 Bathing head and shoulders  
 In the dazzling pea-green  
 Rising-tide of April;  
 While an ancient pear tree  
 In the kitchen garden  
 Spreads the rugged outline  
 Of its jet-black branches  
 Underneath a drifted  
 Mass of snowy blossoms.  
 Tinted is the herbage  
 With unnumbered violets.  
 Tiny sky-blue butterflies,  
 Like uprooted flowerets,  
 Flirt among the sunbeams.  
 Hickory tips are bursting  
 Into clustering parachutes.  
 On the white oak saplings  
 Pink and folded leaflets  
 Now uncurl their tendrils  
 Like the opening fingers  
 Of soft new-born babies.  
 Listen! From the marshes  
 Multitudinous frog notes  
 Ringing out metallic,  
 Like the ghosts of sleigh-bells;  
 While a red-winged blackbird,  
 Eager to be mating,  
 From a bare twig bugles,  
 "O-kal-ee—It's April!"

—*Ernest Crosby, in Unity.*

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**The Blue-Bird**

I know the song that the blue-bird is singing—  
 Out in the appletree where he is swinging.  
 Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary;  
 Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat.  
 Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
 Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,  
 Up in the appletree swinging and swaying:

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know;  
Hark! while I sing you a message of cheer;  
Summer is coming and springtime is here.

“Little white snowdrops! I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow crocus come open your eyes;  
Daffodils! Daffodils! Say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming, and springtime is here!”

—*Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.*

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### What We Plant.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,  
We plant the mast to carry the sails;  
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—  
The keel, keelson, and beam and knee—  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me,  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,  
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,  
The beams, and siding, all parts that be;  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see;  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country’s flag,  
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—*Henry Abbey.*

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### The Oak Tree.

Long ago in the changeful autumn,  
When the leaves were turning brown,  
From a tall oak’s topmost branches  
Fell a little acorn down.

And it tumbled by the pathway,  
And a chance foot trod it deep  
In the ground, where all the winter  
In its shell it lay asleep.

With the white snow lying over,  
 And the frost to hold it fast,  
 Till there came the mild spring weather,  
 When it burst its shell at last.

Many years kind nature nursed it,  
 Summers hot and winters long;  
 Down the sun looked bright upon it,  
 While it grew up tall and strong.

Now it stands up like a giant,  
 Casting shadows broad and high,  
 With huge trunk and leafy branches,  
 Spreading up into the sky.

Child, when haply you are resting  
 'Neath the great Oak's monster shade,  
 Think how little was the acorn  
 Whence that mighty tree was made.

Think how simple things and lowly  
 Have a part in nature's plan;  
 How the great have small beginnings,  
 And the child becomes a man.

Little efforts work great actions,  
 Lessons in our childhood taught,  
 Mold the spirits to the temper,  
 Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

Cherish then the gifts of childhood,  
 Use them gently, guard them well;  
 For their future growth and greatness  
 Who can measure, who can tell?

—*Anon.*

#### **How the Woodpecker Knows.**

How does he know where to dig his hole,  
 The Woodpecker there on the elm tree bole?  
 How does he know what kind of a limb  
 To use for a drum, and to burrow in?  
 How does he find where the young grubs grow—  
 I'd like to know?

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,  
 And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.  
 "No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"  
 He said, as down on his tail he sat,  
 "Just listen to this: rrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,  
 With a cheery call and a jumping flight,  
 He hopped around till he found a stub  
 "Ah, here's the place to look for a grub,  
 'Tis moist and dead—rrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple, Downy hied,  
 And swung by his toes to the under side,  
 " "Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;  
 It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk,  
 Just the place for a nest—rrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy, "just a tap or two,  
 Then listen as any bright boy might do,  
 You can tell ripe melons, and garden stuff  
 In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—William J. Long.

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#### When the Green Gits Back on the Trees.

In the spring when the green gits back on the trees,  
 And the sun comes out and stays,  
 And your boots pull on with a right good squeeze  
 And you think of your barefoot days;  
 When you ort to work and you want to not,  
 And you and your wife agrees  
 It's time to spade up your garden lot—  
 When the green gits back on the trees.  
 Well, work is the least of my idees,  
 When the green, you know, gits back on the trees.

Then the green gits back in the trees and bees  
 Is bnzzin' aroun' agin,  
 In that kind of a "lazy go-as-you-please"  
 Old gait that they hum roun' in;  
 When the groun's all bald where the hay rick stood  
 And the eriek's riz and the breeze  
 Coaxing the bloom in the old dogwood,  
 And the green gits back in the trees—  
 I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,  
 The time when the green gits back on the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time  
 Is pulled out and gone,  
 And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,  
 And the sweat it starts out on  
 A feller's forrer'd, a-gitten down  
 At the old spring on his knees—  
 I kind o' like jes' a loaferin' aroun'

When the green gits back on the trees—  
 Jes' a-potterin' round' as I durn-please,  
 When the green, you know, gits back on the trees.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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### The School-House Yard.

The school-house yard was so big and bare,  
 No pleasant shadow or leafy trees;  
 There was room enough, and some to spare,  
 To plant as many as ever you please.

So first we set a little pine  
 For the wind to play its tunes upon.  
 And a paper birch, so white and fine,  
 For us children to write our secrets on.

Then two little elms to build an arch  
 Right over the gate, when they grow up tall,  
 And a maple for tiny blooms in March,  
 And scarlet leaves in the early fall.

A cedar tree for its pleasant smell,  
 A mountain ash for its berries bright,  
 A beech for its shade and nuts as well,  
 And a locust tree for its blossoms white.

Then last we planted an acorn small,  
 To grow in time to a sturdy oak;  
 And somehow it seemed to us children all  
 That this was the funniest little joke.

For sweet Miss Mary smiling said,  
 "The other trees are your very own.  
 But this little oak we will plant instead,  
 For your grand-children and them alone."

Oh, how we laughed, just to think that when  
 Our acorn grows to an oak tree fair  
 That we shall be grandpas, and grandmas then,  
 With wrinkled faces and silver hair.

I wonder now if the little folk  
 That come in the days that are to be,  
 To frolic under the future oak,  
 Will be as merry and glad as we?

And if they plant their elm and beech  
 As we do in the selfsame way,  
 And sing their chorus and speak their speech,  
 And have such fun upon Arbor Day.  
 —Elizabeth Howland Thomas.

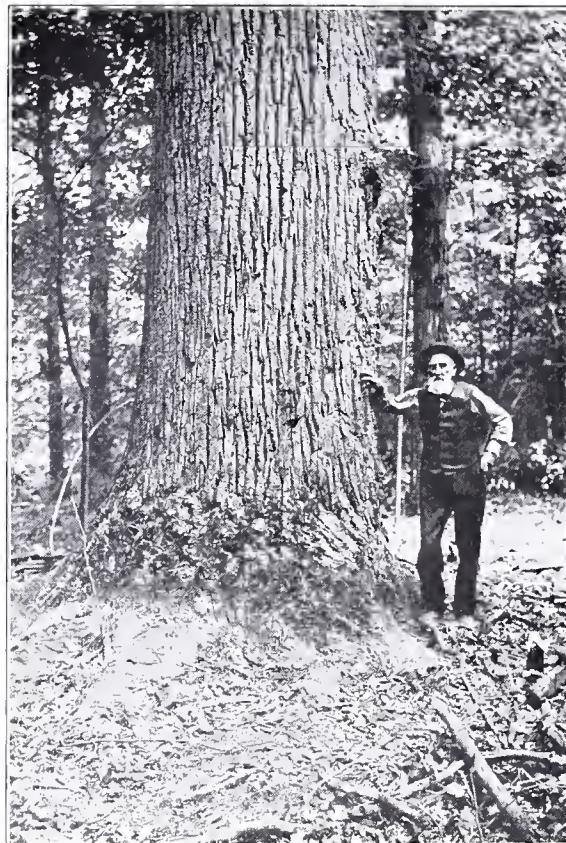


Plate 10. They have been friends for four score years.

#### Woodman, Spare That Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree,  
 Touch not a single bough!  
 In youth it sheltered me,  
 And I'll protect it now;  
 'Twas my forefather's hand  
 That placed it near his eot;  
 There, woodman, let it stand,  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,  
 Whose glory and renown  
 Are spread o'er land and sea—  
 And wouldst thou hack it down?  
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke  
 Cut not its earth-bound ties.  
 Oh, spare that aged oak  
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,  
 I sought its grateful shade;  
 In all their gushing joy,  
 Here, too, my sisters played.  
 My mother kissed me here;  
 My father pressed my hand—  
 Forgive the foolish tear;  
 But let the old tree stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,  
 Close as thy bark, old friend;  
 Here shall the wild birds sing,  
 And still thy branches bend.  
 Old tree! the storm still brace,  
 And, woodman, leave the spot!  
 While I've a hand to save  
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

—George P. Morris.

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### DO YOU KNOW

That the tree is like a *mill* that runs itself?

The *raw materials* it uses are the minerals from the soil and the gases from the air.

The leaves are the *machinery* that take charge of the raw material and make it into the finished product, sap, that goes to feed every part of the tree.

The sunlight is the *power* that runs the machinery.

The *waste products* of this mill that the leaves send off into the air are the very things that we human beings need most, oxygen to breathe, and moisture.

Do you know of any other manufactory that runs itself, furnishes its own materials and gives away its products to bless and brighten the world?

That trees are the oldest living inhabitants on the face of the globe?

That there are trees *living now* in California that were already one thousand years old when Columbus discovered America?

That the trunk of a tree one foot in diameter and twenty feet high can bear a weight of over thirty tons (61,000 lbs.)?

That a full-grown tree sends out 187 gallons of water a day through its leaves into the air? Think what a difference that makes in hot, dry weather.

**HISTORIC TREES.**

First Pupil—

We sing of trees, historic old,  
That swayed before the breeze;  
No trees in our broad land have seen  
More memorable deeds than these.

Second Pupil—

A Royal Charter was obtained  
In sixteen sixty-two;  
The Colonies of Connecticut  
A bond of union drew.  
When Andros came with sixty men  
The Charter to revoke  
Brave Captain Wadsworth hid it safe  
Within the Charter Oak.

Third Pupil—

They love their land because it is their own,  
And scorn to give aught other reason why;  
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne  
And think it kindness to his majesty.

Fourth Pupil—

Penn, a treaty with Indians made,  
'Neath a specious, tall elm tree,  
"While sun, moon, and stars endure,  
In peace we'll live with thee."  
These were the words of the Indian chief,  
In sixteen eighty-three,  
In Philadelphia this chartered right  
Was made 'neath a tall elm tree.

Fifth Pupil—

Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
Long as thy science truth shall know,  
Long as thine Eagle harms no dove,  
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,  
Long as thy God is God above,  
Thy brother every man below—  
So long, dear Land, of all my love  
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow.

Sixth Pupil—

I speak of the elm at Cambridge,  
Where Washington took command;  
And that vast army true and brave  
Now liberty for our land,  
With muskets clean and courage true,  
In seventeen-seventy-five,  
Our men marched valiantly to fight,  
For Liberty each did strive.

Seventh Pupil—

When the battle is won,  
And the land from traitors free,  
Our children shall tell of the strife begun,  
When Liberty's second April sun  
Was bright on our brave old tree.

Eighth Pupil—

The Army of North Virginia  
Was yielded by Robert Lee  
In eighteen hundred sixty-five,  
Near the famous apple tree.  
Near Appomattox's old Court House,  
Arms, artillery, all,  
Was ceded to Grant that April day  
With slavery's great downfall.

Ninth Pupil—

The change for which he prayed and sought,  
In that sharp agony was wrought;  
No partial interest draws its alien line  
Twixth North and South, the cypress and the pine.  
The sword was sheathed; in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by freedom won,  
And several sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United States.

—*Selected.*

### TREES.

What pleasure and joy in childhood days  
To play neath the shade of the trees;  
To list to the notes of the singing birds,  
Fanned by the passing breeze.  
Watching the fleecy clouds in the sky  
That we called our mountains of snow,  
How we longed to journey away to them,  
Forever, to go, and go.

Under the trees near the dear old home,  
Where we planned for the future years,  
For fame and honor, success, and joy,  
But we never planned for the trees.  
Over the graves of our loved dead  
The zephyrs blow softly and low;  
There the trees wave, their branches of leaves  
A requiem for those below.

Flowers charm, but they fade away,  
But for traits that endure to the end,  
Strength, endurance, and constancy,  
Always, keep the tree as your friend.

—*Mrs. J. W. Freeland.*

**ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.**

All things bright and beautiful,  
 All creatures great and small,  
 All things wise and wonderful,  
 The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
 Each little bird that sings,  
 He made their glowing colors,  
 He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,  
 The river running by,  
 The morning and the sunset  
 That lighteth up the sky.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
 The pleasant summer sun,  
 The ripe fruits in the garden—  
 He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,  
 And lips that we might tell  
 How great is God Almighty,  
 Who hath made all things well.

—John Keble.

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**AN ANTHEM FOR ARBOR DAY.**

Tune—"America."  
 Joy for the sturdy trees!  
 Fanned by each fragrant breeze,  
 Lovely they stand!  
 The song birds o'er them trill,  
 They shade each tinkling rill,  
 They crowd each swelling hill,  
 Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,  
 Plant where the children play  
 And toilers rest;  
 In every verdant vale,  
 On every sunny swale,  
 Whether to grow or fail,—  
 God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair,  
Plant them, with earnest care—

No toil is vain.

Plant in a fitter place,  
Where, like a lovely face,  
Let in some sweeter grace,  
Change may prove gain.

God will his blessing send—  
All things on Him depend,  
His loving care  
Clings to each leaf and flower  
Like ivy to its tower,  
His presence and His power  
Are everywhere.

—*Samuel F. Smith.*

### MEN AND TREES.

It is scarcely more than a century since the much persecuted Rev. Dr. Joseph Priestley discovered the chemical constitution of our atmosphere. Before that, men did not know what they were breathing.

For ages on ages they did not know that the air had weight or what made water rise in a pump. Now, thanks to Priestley and others, we know that the diluted oxygen we take into our lungs every moment carries off carbon in the shape of carbonic acid gas, which is poison for men but food for trees. The trees greedily devour the carbon of this gas, and liberate the oxygen, thus making it fit to be breathed again.

Chemists well know that the vegetable world is the mother of the animal, and without the constant vigorous life of the mother the offspring cannot exist. Death is the lot of all animals.

But crowded, ill-ventilated halls, and dense, ill-drained cities greatly hasten it for the human population. Why? Mainly by obliging the lungs to breathe again the poison they have just discharged, or the gases that have been vomited from thousands of furnace throats. Those gases, forests, wherever they exist, are ready to convert into wood, and restore the atmosphere to its normal purity.

Cities solicitously provide the modern conveniences, but the ancient convenience of neighboring forests, from which the balmy zephyrs can flood their street with pure air, is worth untold sums. Our good old drowsy Commonwealth is not insensible to the value

of health. It does not like to see its beautiful young sons and daughters fade away with consumption, in the very bud. So it authorizes its towns to make boards of health, and makes one itself, and clothes them with powers quite equal to their knowledge. Shall it not look to its forests a little, and exercise its right of eminent domain in their favor, when they are thirsting to drink up the poisons which would hurry our youth and beauty to the graveyards? Trees have rights which men, if they value their own right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are bound to respect. The individual man may not be able to recognize his relation to the individual tree, but the Commonwealth must appreciate its relation to forests or suffer.

### FORESTS.

The civilization of the human race naturally makes war upon the forests. That race is dominant, progressive, more and more subjecting to its control all the rest of the world—mineral, vegetable and animal. But this victory may be overdone, so as to end in inglorious defeat. The enemies of man are numberless; so are his friends. The struggle for supremacy must regard both. There can be no abiding victory over the former, without alliance with the latter. The forces of nature have habits, or self-existing laws, which cannot be safely ignored, trifled with, or reversed, whoever may attempt it.

Vitality is divided into two great departments, the stationary and locomotive—vegetable and animal—life. Under the eternal, incomprehensible forces of nature, they started together, with ruder forms than we now see, and one necessarily complementary to the other.

In the paleozoic times immense treasures of vital force were sandwiched between the rocks, the product, probably, of both vegetable and animal life—immense forests, overwhelmed on land, alternating with the whales of dried up seas—to be used by the ingenious men of these eenozoic times, in the shape of coal or petroleum. But these treasures are not absolutely inexhaustible. The consumption of hundreds and thousands of millions of tons a year must make an end of them at last. But this is not the whole or the worst of the danger. The oxydization of these vast quantities of carbon, and hydro carbons, will lead back to a state of the atmosphere in which only the coarsest of locomotive monsters can breathe or maintain animal life. Let the men who

have set up the iron-horse and spider-webbed the continents with iron roads tell us how they expect to deoxydize the poisonous carbonic acid they set afloat, *if they destroy the forests of the present day—indeed, if they do not increase their deoxydizing power many times.* Let the capitalists who have built tall chimneys beside the streams that formerly drove their busy mills, in pure air, tell us how their multitude of operatives are to breathe, if they don't have a forest somewhere to drink up the poison of every chimney. Indeed, how are they to breathe themselves, unless they can have the teeming, working population hale and happy? By the time the coal is all burned up, if the forests do not prevent it, the flood of carbonic acid, even on the mountain tops, will be worse than Noah's flood of water, and no ark to save anybody.

The millions of human beings in a vast city, if there were no forests in the back country, would perish in the choke-damp produced by their own lungs. More or less, they are always perishing from that very cause. Great, air-purifying forests are as necessary to every city as its water supply, and need not cost one-tenth as much. How long will it take to arouse the thinking, well-educated population of the most enlightened city to the importance of this thoroughly demonstrated fact? Must we send them back to their school books—to their first lessons in chemistry and botany? Have they forgotten all they learned in high school or college? Is that money wasted? Of what use is money handed down to posterity, if that posterity will have to breathe poisoned air all its life? A few dollars now will turn the tide in favor of forest culture, and in less than a hundred years the puny, scrubby growth of our thousands of rocky hills will give place to lofty pines, capable of purifying the air, let our industrious descendants run all the furnaces they please. The healing fragrance of those forests will plant roses on cheeks where nothing else would grow but lilies.

—*Elizur Wright.*

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### A TREE PUZZLE.

1. What is the double tree?
2. What tree is nearest the sea?
3. What is the languishing tree?
4. What is the cronologist's tree?
5. What tree will adorn a lady's dress?
6. What is the tree that will hold the same?
7. What tree would you prefer on a very cold day?
8. The Egyptian plague tree?
9. The tree we offer to friends when we meet?
10. The traitor tree?
11. The most ancient tree?
12. The fiery tree?
13. The trees (two different

ones) that we use in a storm? 14. The dandiest tree? 15. The tree to be kissed? 16. The level tree? 17. What is the tree in a bottle? 18. The fisherman's tree? 19. And the tree where the ships may be? 20. What is the tree that you pickle? 21. What is the tree that's immortal? 22. The tree that around fair ankles they bind? 23. What is the tree that is sharp? 24. What is the tree that we wear? 25. Which tree has passed through fire?

Answers: 1. Pear. 2. Beech. 3. Pine. 4. Date. 5. Fringe. 6. Box. 7. Fir. 8. Loeust. 9. Palm. 10. Judas. 11. Elder. 12. Burning Bush. 13. Rubber and Umbrella. 14. Spruce. 15. Tulip. 16. Plane. 17. Cork. 18. Bass (Basswood). 19. Bay. 20. Cucumber. 21. Arbor Vitae. 22. Sandal (Sandalwood). 23. Bayonet (Spanish Bayonet). 24. Cotton (Cottonwood). 25. Ash.

## OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS.

It is strange indeed how few people realize the importance of the birds to agriculture and forestry.

He who boasts of the number of quails or woodpecks and other birds that he has killed and eaten in his time would pause in alarm if he could have foreseen the great damage done by insects that would have been destroyed had not the lives of these bird allies of the farmer and the orchardist been sacrificed, that the cravings of a gormand might be satisfied.

It is not my purpose in this short article to discuss the economic values of the birds, but to call the attention to a few facts.

But few states in the past were as thickly populated with as many insectivorous birds as Indiana. For every destructive insect or beetle found in the state there seemed to be a bird whose special delight was to search out and destroy it. The woodpecker has a special shaped bill to cut into the bark of trees for borers; while the warblers and fly-eaters take the insects that fly in the air. Even the despised hawks, crows and owls do much more good than harm in the community in which they live.

If all the birds of our country were exterminated, the insect life would soon become so abundant that not a green leaf or flower would be left in a few years. A single borer sometimes kills a tree, while it is known that a woodpecker will devour scores of borers in a day.

It is true that a few birds do eat some grain and fruit, but the loss from this cause is so small in comparison with the loss that would have ensued by insects they devoured as to make it entirely negligible. If you would make a study of birds as to what part of their food is composed of grain, insects and noxious weed seeds, you will be able to determine which birds are the most useful to man.

### “Bird Problems.”

Suppose that the damage from insects in Indiana is 10 cents an acre (a very low estimate). How much does the state lose in one year?

If there is 10 per cent. fewer insects next year, on account of the increased number of birds, how much will that save to the people of Indiana?

If there are four birds to the acre and each eats one ounce of

noxious seeds a day, how many pounds will be consumed in the months of June and July?

The young people should be encouraged to organize "Audubon Societies" for the study of bird life in all its phases. When a boy once learns that to take a snap shot at a bird with a "kodak" and preserve the picture of his true and beautiful friend is far more in harmony with the Golden Rule than to take its life which he cannot restore, he has learned one of the greatest lessons of life and Christianity.

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In answer to the question, "How classify birds?" some poet wrote the following:

A little brown bird sat on the twig of a tree  
A-swinging and singing as glad as could be,  
And when he had finished his gay little song,  
He flew down in the street and went hopping along.

A little boy said to him, "Little bird, stop!  
And tell me the reason why you go with a hop;  
Why don't you walk as boys do, and men,  
One foot at a time like a duck or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop,  
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would stop,  
And he said, "Little boy, there are some birds that talk,  
And some birds that hop and some birds that walk.

Every bird that can scratch in the dirt, can walk;  
Every bird that can wade in the water, can walk;  
Every bird that has claws to scratch with can walk;  
One foot at a time, that's the way that they walk.

But most little birds that can sing you a song,  
Are so small that their legs are not very strong,  
To scratch with, or wade with, or scratch things,  
That's why  
They hop with both feet. They all know how to fly!"  
—*The Kindergarten.*

After reading this poem, see if you can make a list of birds that scratch, that walk, that hop, that wade, that sing, that do not sing, and those that are most useful to man.

**DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.**

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,  
 That sing about your door,  
 Soon as the joyous Spring has come,  
 And chilling storms are o'er.  
 The little birds, how sweet they sing!  
 Oh! let them joyous live;  
 And never seek to take the life  
 That you can never give.

Don't kill the birds, the pretty birds,  
 That play among the trees;  
 'Twould make the earth a cheerless place  
 Should we dispense with these.  
 The little birds, how fond they play!  
 Do not disturb their sport;  
 But let them warble forth their song,  
 'Till Winter cuts them short.

Don't kill the birds, the happy birds,  
 That bless the fields and grove;  
 So innocent to look upon,  
 They claim our warmest love.  
 The happy birds, the tuneful birds,  
 How pleasant 'tis to see!  
 No spot can be a cheerless place,  
 Where'er their presence be.

—*Colesworthy.*

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**THE FIRST BLUEBIRD.**

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!  
 And dribble! drip! and blow!  
 Then snow! and thaw! and slush and then  
 Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared  
 To wake up—when, I jing!  
 I seen the sunshine out and heerd  
 The first bluebird of spring!

Mother she's raised the winder some—  
 And in acrost the orchurd come,  
 Soft as angel's wing,  
 A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,  
 Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—  
 The sun burst forth in glee—  
 And when that bluebird sung, my heart  
 Hopped out o'bed with me!  
 —*James Whitcomb Riley.*

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**BOB WHITE.**

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,  
 And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,  
 Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn  
 When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked the corn:  
 “Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!”

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?  
 Now I wonder where Robert White can be?  
 O'er the billows of gold and amber grain  
 There is no one in sight; but hark again!  
 “Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!”

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there  
 Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!  
 So contented is he, and so proud of the same,  
 That he wants all the world to know his name;  
 “Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!”

—*Henry T. Coates.*

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### **WITHOUT BIRDS SUCCESSFUL AGRICULTURE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE.**

Increased acreage and larger crops means a vast increase of insect life as the result of a more constant and abundant supply of food. Even now, despite the incessant warfare waged against them, insects are not diminishing in numbers. On the contrary, in many localities they are increasing. Especially are new pests finding their way into the country, and as these usually are unaccompanied by the enemies which keep them in check at home, they frequently run riot in the new-found paradise. Well-known instances are the cotton boll weevil and the gypsy and brown-tailed moths. It is estimated by entomologists that the annual loss of agricultural products from insect ravages in the United States is not less than \$500,000,000. To birds, then, we must look for allies in the continuous warfare against insect pests, and if they are to play even the same relative part in the future, as they have in the past, they should not only be protected, but de-

terminated efforts should be made to increase their numbers and make their work more effective.

What would happen were birds exterminated no one can foretell with absolute certainty, but it is more than likely—nay, it is almost certain—that within a limited time not only would successful agriculture become impossible, but the destruction of the greater part of vegetation would follow. It is believed that a permanent reduction in the number of birds, even if no species are actually exterminated, will inevitably be followed by disastrous consequences.

—*National Geographical Magazine.*

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#### BIRD PUZZLE.

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow;
2. One which boys use when with long strides they go;
3. There is one that tells tales although he can't sing,
4. And one who flies high, but is held by a string.
5. By one a high rank in the army is held;
6. There's another whose name with one letter is spelled.
7. There is one that a farmer in harvest would use;
8. And one you can easily fool if you choose.
9. What bird, at dessert, is it useful to hold?
10. And which in the chimney place oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner at chess?
13. There is one built a church, of London the pride;
14. We have one when we talk with a friend by our side.
15. What bird would its bill find useful at tea?
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly,
20. And which always wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. Which bird is an artisan, works at his trade?
22. And which is the stuff of which flags are made?
23. One, we're told by the poet, at Heaven's gate sings;
24. There's one which in Holland the new baby brings.
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One, used for a fence, you can say without thinking.
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. Which one is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred.
30. Guess these, and you're wise as Minerva's own bird.

—*Selected.*

## Answers to Bird Puzzle.

- |                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Swift.       | 16. Rudder-Duck.    |
| 2. Stilt.       | 17. Lyre-bird.      |
| 3. Tattler.     | 18. Canary.         |
| 4. Kite.        | 19. Loon.           |
| 5. Adjutant.    | 20. Whip-poor-will. |
| 6. Jay.         | 21. Weaver.         |
| 7. Thrasher.    | 22. Bunting.        |
| 8. Gull.        | 23. Lark.           |
| 9. Nut-cracker. | 24. Stork.          |
| 10. Crane.      | 25. Swallow.        |
| 11. Blue Bird.  | 26. Rail.           |
| 12. Rook.       | 27. Mocking Bird.   |
| 13. Wren.       | 28. Cuckoo.         |
| 14. Chat.       | 29. Nightingale.    |
| 15. Spoon-Bill. | 30. Owl.            |
- 

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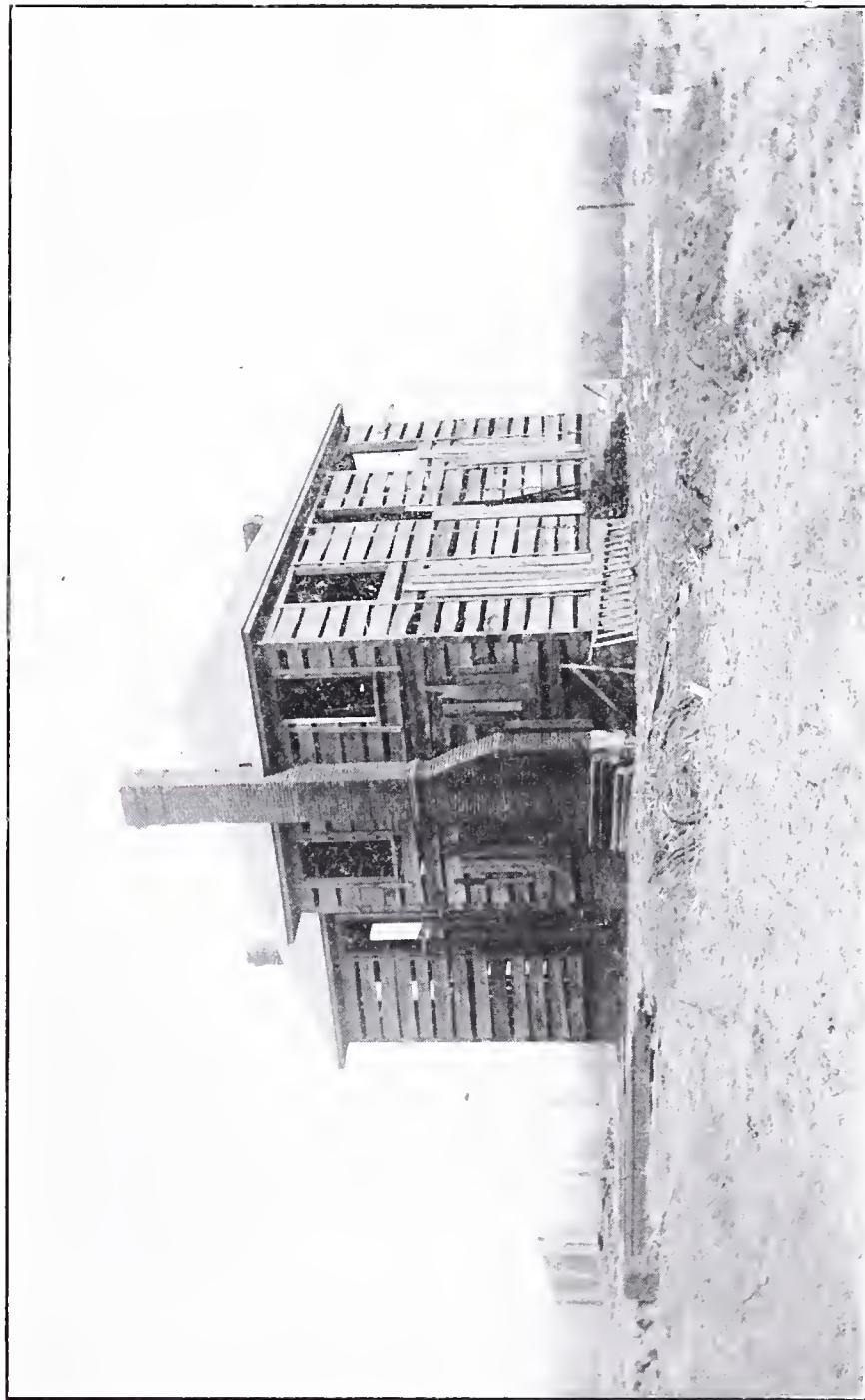


Plate 11. Administration Building at the Reserve, 1906.

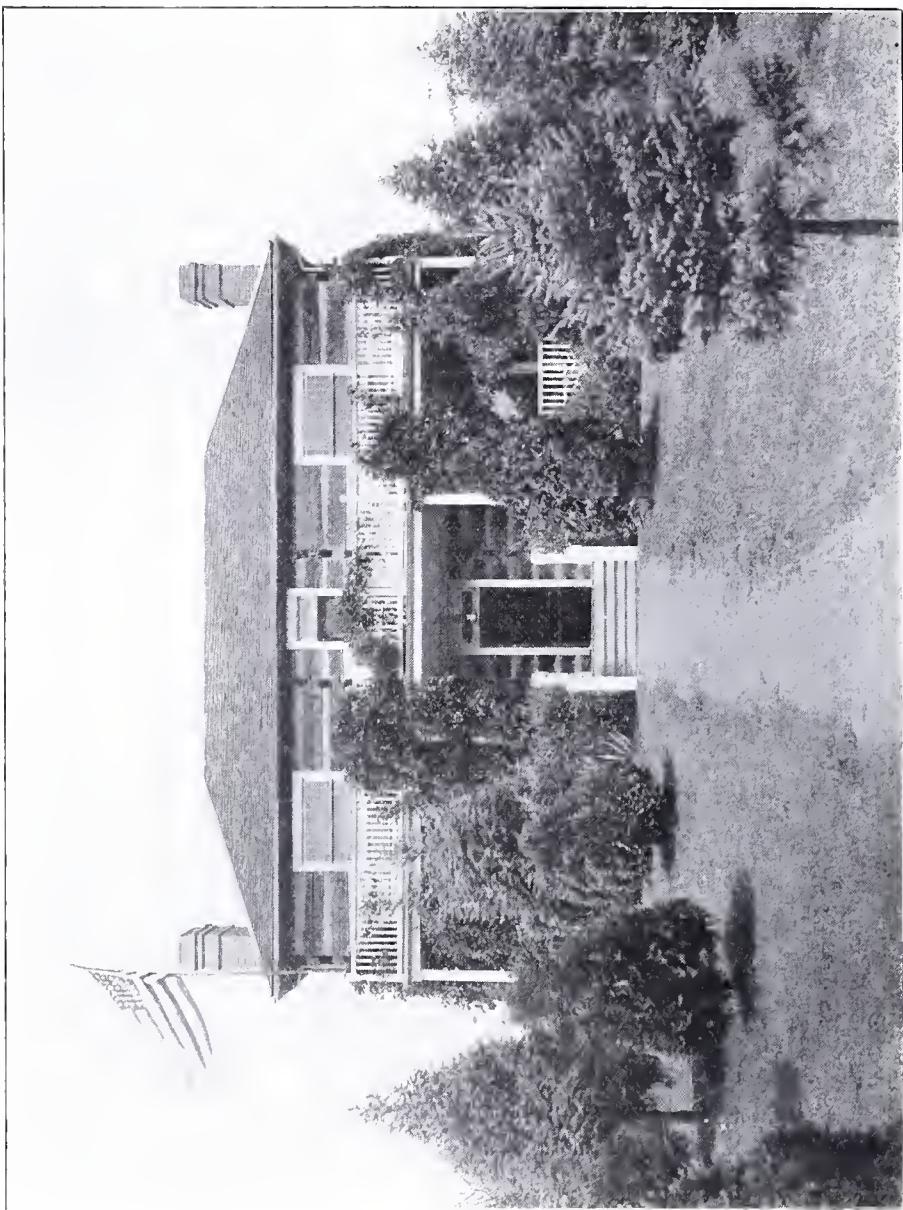


Plate 12. Administration Building, 1916. What the observation of Arbor Day will do toward beautifying a home or school.

INDIANA  
ARBOR AND BIRD DAY  
1916

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*Go little book, and wish to all,  
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall;  
A living river by the door,  
A nightingale in the sycamore.”*

# A Proclamation

The value of our native forests was not merely the selling price of the lumber, which was an enormous aggregate despite the waste and destructive competition to sell; but they had a practical value as a retainer and producer of moisture in the soil, and a promoter of good crops. The forests also had a value that could not be measured by money in the protection they afforded to the birds and other wild life of this latitude, and in their contribution to the beauty of the landscape and happiness of the people.

The conservation and restoration of our forests are of such admitted and varied importance that Indiana, as well as many other states, has made it a matter of public duty as well as private interest for the people to co-operate actively to that result.

Now, Therefore, I, Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana, in obedience to law and in conformity with a useful and beautiful custom, do hereby designate and proclaim

Friday, April 21, 1916  
as  
Spring Arbor Day

throughout the State; and I earnestly urge that the public schools celebrate the day by fitting exercises and that the people shall as far as possible recognize its importance by the planting of trees and shrubbery and by a general interest in the day and the movement for which it stands.



*In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of Indiana, at the Capitol, in the City of Indianapolis, this 14th day of March, 1916.*



A large, cursive signature of Samuel M. Ralston in black ink.

Governor.

By the Governor.



A large, cursive signature of Homer L. Cook in black ink.

Secretary of State.

# Letter from The State Superintendent of Public Instruction

*To the Young People, Teachers and School Officials of Indiana:*

The observance of special days in the year fails utterly of its purpose if the spirit of the occasion closes with the day.

The object of Arbor and Bird Day is not simply to plant a tree, make a bird house and otherwise dedicate an hour or two to the service of nature. The tree must be watched and nurtured until it has grown large and strong, and then it must be preserved to fully serve mankind. The bird house must be placed where it will invite nesting birds and where it will be guarded from storms and other destructive agencies.

But even more than this, if the day has been, as it should be, the type of many other days in the year, there should be tangible results in evidence. The State should be richer in trees, and shrubbery, the birds should be more numerous, and the farmer and the town and city dweller should see a marked change in the attitude of old and young toward the growing plants under their feet and the singing birds over their heads.

A gospel of more and better trees and birds must be spread abroad in this State, and the boys and girls of our public schools must be the messengers, making the lessons of Arbor and Bird Day reach every citizen, until the triumph of this observance is manifest because all the people of the State are uniting systematically to plant appropriate trees and shrubbery on school grounds, private property, vacant places in the city and town and along the country roadside.

Hon. Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana, has in accordance with the statutes, designated Friday, April 21, 1916, to be observed as Arbor and Bird Day and has invited the public and the public schools to observe that day by tree-planting and appropriate programs.

Count the trees on your school grounds and see if by adding to their number you can improve the beauty and comfort of the surroundings. Examine your home lawns and the places along the roads and streets and decide if these can be improved by the planting of trees and shrubbery and by the building and placing of bird houses.

I want the boys and girls of our public schools not only to make the Arbor and Bird Day of 1916 the best we have ever observed, in the fulness of the work and the character of the program, but to dedicate themselves as enthusiastic agents during the entire year to keep before the people the great need of our State for more birds and more trees.

Faithfully yours,



# Suggestive Program

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## FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

1. Song—On the Banks of the Wabash.
2. Reading—State Superintendent's Letter or the Governor's Proclamation.
3. Recitation—A Nation's Hope.
4. Essay—Trees to Plant on the Farm.
5. Song—Home, Sweet Home.
6. Recitation—(Selected).
7. Essay—Best Means of Improving and Beautifying the School Grounds and Buildings.
8. Reading—Every Man's Creed—Arbor and Bird Day Book, 1915.
9. Address by school patron or prominent citizen.  
(How Birds Help the Farmer.)
10. Song—America.
11. Planting Exercise.  
(Arrange to plant trees and shrubs and put up bird boxes on the school grounds. Urge the children to do the same thing at home.)

## FOR CITY SCHOOLS

### PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE GRADES

1. Song—America.
2. Story—How the Robin Got its Red Breast.
3. Reading Lesson—(Teacher select a lesson about trees or birds).
4. Recitation—It Is Not Raining Rain To Me—*Robert Loveman*.
5. Exhibition of Hand Work by Class Illustrating an Appropriate Poem.
6. Song—(Selected).
7. Recitation—(Choose a number of selected quotations).
8. Story of Johnnie Appleseed—(Told by teacher or interested patron).
9. Song—(Selected).  
(Plant some seeds in window boxes; a tree in the yard; and put up a bird box for the birds to live in during the summer).

## FOR CITY SCHOOLS

### HIGH SCHOOL, OR COMMUNITY PROGRAM

1. Song—On the Banks of the Wabash.
2. Reading—State Superintendent's Letter or the Governor's Proclamation.
3. Essay—Forest Conservation.
4. Stories—(Several children may tell the stories of the Greek Myths).
5. Song—(High School Chorus).
6. Recitation—The Birds of Killingworth—*Longfellow*.
7. Debate—Resolved, That Indiana Should Have a Forest Reserve.
8. Song—(Selected).
9. Recitation—Every Man's Creed—Arbor and Bird Day Book, 1915.
10. Public Exercise of Planting Trees and Shrubs on the School Grounds.

# Suggestive Topics for Arbor Day Exercises

## List of Suitable Subjects for Arbor Day Essays

1. Trees and Their Relations to Birds.
2. Schoolhouses: WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY SHOULD BE.
3. Best Trees to Plant on the Roadside.
4. Roads and Walks and How to Make Them.
5. The Origin of Coal.
6. The Influence of Trees Upon Soil.
7. Lumbering.
8. What to do With Signs That Are Nailed to Trees and Fences and Painted on Rocks.
9. What the Leaves Do.
10. Teaching of Agriculture in the Schools.

An Arbor Day should arouse the whole district. Some of the old hymns and songs make good music for the Arbor Day Program. Sing the spirit of the birds and trees and flowers into the hearts of the patrons.

### LIST OF SUITABLE SONGS FOR ARBOR DAY

- |                            |   |
|----------------------------|---|
| 1. America.                | 10. Old Folks At Home.                  |
| 2. Auld Lang Syne.         | 11. Whistle and Hoe.                    |
| 3. Home Sweet Home.        | 12. Rock of Ages.                       |
| 4. Dixie.                  | 13. Ben Bolt.                           |
| 5. Blue Bells of Scotland. | 14. 'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.       |
| 6. My Old Kentucky Home.   | 15. Coming Through the Rye.             |
| 7. Yankee Doodle.          | 16. Why Don't Parents Visit the School. |
| 8. Star Spangled Banner.   | 17. John Brown's Body.                  |
| 9. Old Arm Chair.          | 18. Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground.   |
|                            | 19. Old Oaken Bucket.                   |

### LIST OF STORIES TO TELL ON ARBOR DAY

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| 'Old Pipes, the Pipes and the Dryad.....   | Frank Stockton                               |
| Peter Pan.....   | J. N. Barrie                                 |
| Philemon and Baucis.....   | Hawthorne                                    |
| Meeting of the Dryads.....   | Holmes                                       |
| Parable of the Trees.....  | Bible, Judges IX, 8-15                       |
| Why the Wren Flies Close to the Earth.....   | Florence Holbrook                            |
| Greek Myths.....   | Flora Cooke                                  |
| Johnnie Appleseed. (Account found in the Encyclopaedia of American<br>Biography under the name of John Chapman). |  |
| The Thousand Year Pine.....  | Enos A. Mills<br>(Wild Life in the Rockies.) |
| Selections from "The Girl of the Limberlost".....  | Gene Stratton Porter                         |

# Poems for Arbor Day

## IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME

It is not raining rain to me,  
It is raining daffdfils;  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on distant hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day  
And overwhelm the town;  
It is not raining rain to me  
It is raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me  
But fields of clover bloom,  
Where any bueeaneering bee  
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy!  
A fig for him who frets!  
It is not raining rain to me  
It is raining violets.

—*Robert Loveman.*

## A RIDDLE

I have only one foot, but thousands of toes  
My one foot stands, but never goes.  
I have many arms, and they're mighty all;  
And hundreds of fingers, large and small.  
From the ends of my fingers my beauty grows.  
I breathe with my hair, and I drink with my toes.  
I grow bigger and bigger about the waist  
And yet I am always very tight laeed.  
None e'er saw me eat—I've no mouth to bite;  
And yet I eat all day in the full sun-light.  
In summer with song I shake and quiver,  
But in winter I fast and groan and shiver.

—*George McDonald.*

## THE BOY WHO NEVER SEES

God help the boy who never sees  
The butterflies, the birds, the bees,  
Nor hears the music of the breeze  
When zephyrs soft are blowing.  
Who cannot in sweet comfort lie  
Where clover blooms are thick and high

And hear the gentle murmur nigh  
Of brooklets softly flowing.

God help the boy who does not know  
Where all the woodland berries grow,  
Who never sees the forests glow  
When leaves are red and yellow,  
Whose childlike feet can never stray.  
For such a hapless boy I say  
When Nature does her charms dis-

play—

God help the little fellow.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

## A NATION'S HOPE

Who are the men of the morrow?  
Seek ye the boys of today;  
Follow the plow and the harrow  
Look where they rake the hay;

Walk with the cows from the pasture;  
Seek 'mid the tasseled corn,  
Try where you hear the thresher  
Humming in the early morn.

Who are the men of the morrow?  
Look at your sturdy arm;  
A nation's hope for the future  
Lives in the boy on the farm.

—*American Agriculturist.*

## A SPRNGTIME WISH

Oh, to be a robin,  
In the spring!  
When the fleeting days of April  
Are a-wing,  
And the air is sweet with knowing  
Where the hidden buds are growing  
And the merry winds are going  
Wandering!

—*Isabel E. Mackay.*

# Quotations for Arbor Day

"Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be sticking in a tree;  
it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping."

"Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who know me that I  
always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would  
grow."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

"The best verses I have produced are the trees I have planted."—*Holmes*

"Who does his duty, is a question      "He who plants a tree, plants Hope."  
Too complex to be solved by me;      "He who plants a tree, plants Joy"  
But he, I venture the suggestion      "He who plants a tree, plants Peace"  
Does part of his who plants a tree."      "He who plants a tree, plants Love."

"The robin the forerunner of the Spring  
The bluebird with his jocund caroling  
The restless swallows, building in the eaves,  
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,  
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May  
All welcome this majestic holiday."

—*Longfellow.*

"He that planteth a tree is a servant of God;  
He provideth a kindness for many generations  
And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him."

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

"The Oak is called the king of trees,  
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,  
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,  
The Pear tree spreads along the wall.  
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,  
The Willow droops in watery glade,  
The Fir tree useful timber gives,  
The Beech amid the forest lives."

—*Sara Coleridge.*

"Time is never wasted, listening to the trees;  
If to heaven as grandly we arose as these,  
Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,  
Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,  
Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;  
Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,  
By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard."

—*Lucy Larcom.*

## **Be Alive**

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If you expect to accomplish anything in the world, you must be alive—very much alive—alive all over. Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as partial possibilities—as people who have discovered only a small part of the continent within themselves. Most of it remains undeveloped territory. A man who does things is alive to the very tips of his fingers. He is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does not give idleness time to dissipate him.

—*The Outlook.*